Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.

Iaquenetta. God giue you good morrow M. Perſon.

Nath. Maiſter Perſon, *quaſi* Perſon? And if one ſhoulde be perſt, Which is the one? (head,

Clo. Marrie M. Scholemaſter, he that is likleſt to a hoggs-

Nath. Of perſing a Hogshead, a good luſter of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fier enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: tis prettie, it is well.

Iaque. Good M. Parſon be ſo good as read me this letter, it was geuen me by *Coſtard*, and ſent me from *Don Armatho*: I beſeech you read it.

Nath. Facile precor gellida, quando pecàs omnia ſub vmbra ruminat, and ſo foorth. Ah good olde *Mantuan*, I may ſpeake of thee as the traueiler doth of *Venice*, *vemchie*, *vencha*, *que non te vnde*, *que non te perreche*. Olde *Mantuan*, olde *Mantuan*, Who vnderſtandeth thee not, loues thee not, *vt re ſol la mi fa*: Vnder pardon ſir, What are the contentes? or rather as *Horace* ſayes in his, What my ſoule verſes.

Holo. I ſir, and very learned.

Nath. Let me heare a ſtaffe, a ſtauze, a verſe, *Lege domine.*

If Loue make me forſworne, how ſhall I ſweare to loue?
Ah neuer faith could hold, yf not to beautie vowed.
Though to my ſelfe forſworne, to thee Ile faythfull proue.
Thoſe thoughts to mé were Okes, to thee like Oſiers bowed
Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all thoſe pleaſures liue, that Art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee ſhall ſuffiſe.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend,
All ignorant that ſoule, that ſees thee without wonder.
Which is to mee ſome prayſe, that I thy partes admire,
Thy eie *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadful thũder
Which not to anger bent, is muſique, and ſweete fier.
Celeſtiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong,
That ſinges heauens prayſe, with ſuch an earthly tong.

Pedan. You finde not the apoſtraphas, and ſo miſſe the accent. Let me ſuperuiſe the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratefied, but for the elegancie,